

THE
SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A NEW HYMN BOOK.*

It is, doubtless, pretty well known to most of our readers (for old stories travel fast), that a celebrated Dissenter of the present day laid holy and violent hands on sundry favourite jigs and country dances, and putting decorous verses to them, and sobering down the *time* to a *chapel-like* placidity, set them before his congregation and his organist, declaring that "it was a pity the *devil* should have all the best tunes!" Thus the young and devout milliner, who flaunted about in flowers during the week, and whose ears were occasionally flattered, yet shocked, with faint sounds of the *White Cockade*, and *Money Musk*, and *Go to the Devil and shake yourself*, as she carried the band-box along by the side of the palings of Vauxhall gardens, was rewarded for her resolute and decorous resistance of the tunes, by hearing them float about her on Sunday evenings, with a propriety that sank her into a justifiable tenderness. While the eye was turned up to the brazen branches of the chandelier, and the hands were crossed upon the tippet, the feet might be trying little pardonable steps under the shade of the hassock, and the heart dance a devout minuet with the heart of young Mr. Jones in the next pew for a partner. Old ladies, maiden they may be, are by this *new light* of music, reminded of the vanities and revelries of their youth, and are blessed with the opportunities of connecting the old airs with the profound organ, and of dismissing for ever the volatile rhapsodies of the dancing master's kit. Music, so chastened, becomes a Magdalen, and repents of its errors. Its beauty is deemed pardonable, being thus controlled by a staid

* The beauties of Mozart, Handel, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and other celebrated composers, adapted to the words of popular psalms and hymns. London, 1821.

dress, and tamed to an orderly tenderness. Country dances become the *elect*. The graceless *Paddy Carey* walks forth like the old gentleman in the *Antient Marinere*, "a wiser and a better man." *The Dusty Miller* whines like *Mawworm*; and *Voulez vous danser* drops its erring request, and goes off with "a dying, dying fall."

Is it absolutely necessary, in this strange age of reform and refinement, that the solemnity and depth of the rich old church music should be changed for the light and frivolous airs which are associated only in our minds with "dance and song, and sun-burnt mirth?"—Will not those grave and awful hymns, which made our fathers virtuous, and lifted the souls of men to the skies, strike sacredly on living ears, and lead the hearts that now beat to holy and serious joy? Indeed, we suspect the most fatal reverse of what is good must follow this marriage of the chapel and the ball-room. It is not possible to conceive that any mind can retain that passionless quiet which is the soul of devotion, when the disordered spirit of the dance passes with new allurements over it.

We have been led to make these few observations, by the strange publication now before us:—The beauties of Handel, Mozart, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and others, adapted to the words of popular psalms and hymns. We cannot but regard this work as more outrageous in its intentions, and more dangerous in its effects, than that sprightly introduction of pleasure into the Dissenter's organ loft of which we have been complaining. The book is evidently planned for a Sunday piano. The serious family need no longer start up in horror at the twinkle of a harpsichord key, for those tunes which, on the Saturday, clothed words of gay passion and laughing pleasure, are "other guess sort of creatures" on the Sunday, and become infused with a holy rapture. We really look upon this work as the opera of the devout, the play for the insincerely pious. Will the reader believe, that all, or nearly all, the joyous airs of *Don Giovanni* are thus converted. We have somewhere read, that poor Ned Shuter, the comedian, who was the soul of humour during the week, moaned and pined in tabernacles on the Sunday, and lived "with a difference." Music seems now becoming a *Ned Shuter*!—But it is not alone to this singular adaptation of music that we so much object; we must also protest against the artful arrangement of some of the words, to suit the acknowledged tenderness of the air, by which the mind is thrown into a doubt, whether it is listening to what is human or divine. In one page we have the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, with words as demure and suspicious as the music calls for.—In another page, the celebrated air "*La ci darem*" is made questionably serious, by such lines as these:

Oh speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart;
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart!

What young lady, after a day's preparation in such a chapel as we have hinted at, and with her heart over-brimmed with *Haste to the Wedding*, or the *Emperor Alexander*,—could sit down to her evening piano, and play and sing such hymns as these with sincere devotion? The very certainty that she was *swindling* the day, that she was passing *flash notes*,—that the music she was playing had an *alias*, and that too of a very suspicious description,—would go some way to the despoiling of her sincerity. She is told that Don Giovanni must not be thought of,—with the Italian errors which associate with it during the week,—but with a slight clipping it is made fit for use on the Sunday. We shall now proceed to point out a few of the airs, and to give our readers some notion of the words accompanying them.

Fly not yet! that beautiful invocation to late hours, and love, is not forgotten in this *selection*. And the lines are provided after the following fashion :

Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it,—I am well content,
And meetly wait my last remove,
And seeking only growth in love,
And seeking growth in love.

Would any given boarding-school girl, with this tune running in her head, consider this *growth of love* as any other than that love which grows at Mr. Newman's nursery, in Leadenhall-street? "Mercy on us!" as uncle Noll says, "what a profligate!" Almost the next air to the one we have just mentioned, comes *The pretty Maid of Derby O!* (a sufficiently serious title of itself!) and this sprightly piece, which *would* be sprightly though Sternhold and Hopkins, and Whitefield and Wesley held it down, is comfortably fitted with the following words :

O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
'Tis heavenly dwelling in that happy ground.

Is this a Hymn?—

In the words to *John Anderson my Jo!* we might almost suspect that the principle (if principle it can be called) upon which this singular work is wrought, is intended to be quaintly promulgated :

Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord, while ye surround the throng.
The sorrows of the mind be banish'd from this place,
Religion never was design'd to make our pleasure less.

We give the following verse, quite sure, that our readers will read in it the air, and all the original language; so closely, in fact, is it a *parody* of Moore.

Go where mercy waits thee,
 But while hope elates thee,
 Oh still submissive be!
 Dangers may o'ertake thee,
 God will ne'er forsake thee,
 Oh humbly bend thy knee!
 The world may p'rhaps reject thee,
 Dearest friends neglect thee,
 But God will still protect thee,
 Then most grateful be!
 Think of all his mercies,
 While thy voice rehearses
 What he has done for thee.

The very *Oh!* in the third line is retained, that the sigh may not be lost to which the music gives so tender an echo.

Let the reader try these words to the tune of *Away with Melancholy!* and see how they go.

Time my moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.
 Thus another year is flown,
 Now it is no more our own,
 If it brought or promised good,
 Than the year before the flood.

We have the *Mermaid's song* filled with trumpets, and joy, and grace, which become it as properly as Barry's introduction of Dr. Burney floating down the Thames among the water gods, in his wig. The Hungarian Waltz, and the Miss Dennett's Waltz, are also given.—But enough of this wretched and irreverent work.

We cannot conclude without seriously and earnestly protesting against the attempt which many writers of late have made, to introduce voluptuous songs under the garb of religion. Moore and Lord Byron have alike been guilty of this; and it is, perhaps, owing to them, that we have the professed hymn book now before us. The Sabbath has ever been a day of rest; let not its quiet now be disturbed by these deceitful and seductive infringements. The hypocrisy of this invention is its main sin; and it is to this that we direct our most serious opposition. If hymns are played and sung on the Sabbath, let *hymns* be played and sung:—and not those doubtful songs which divide the heart between heaven and earth;—which appeal to the senses in a holy disguise;—and set up sainted vice as a divinity.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

(Concluded from page 29.)

The next day the travellers passed the Jordan.

"The stream (says Mr. B.) appeared to us to be little more than twenty-five yards in breadth, and was so shallow in this part as to be easily fordable by our horses. The banks were thickly lined with tall rushes, oleanders, and a few willows; the stream was exceedingly rapid; the water tolerably clear, from its flowing over a bed of pebbles; and, as we drank of the stream while our horses were watering, we found it pure and sweet to the taste.

"From the distance which we had come from Jericho northward, it seemed probable that we had crossed the river pretty nearly at the same ford as that which was passed over by the Israelites on their first entering the promised land.

"Ascending on the east side of the Jordan, we met large flocks of camels, mostly of a whitish colour, and all of them young and never yet burdened, as our guides assured us, though the whole number of those we saw could not have fallen short of a thousand. These were being driven down to the Jordan to drink, chiefly under the care of young men and damsels. Among them many of the young ones were clothed around their bodies with coverings of hair teat-cloth, while the elder females had their udders bound up in bags, tied by cords crossing over the loins; and the males walked with two of the legs tied."

After travelling onward in a north-easterly direction, and passing the night in the camp of a tribe of friendly Bedouins, they arrived at the village of Boorza, which appeared to contain from forty to fifty dwellings of stone. This place is supposed to have been the Bozer mentioned in the Sacred Writings. On their journey from hence, they were joined by a troop of Bedouins, in whose camp they passed the night. Early the next morning they proceeded, through a rich and beautiful country, to the ruins of Jerash, (the Geraza of the ancients,) of which Mr. Buckingham has given a very full and copious account. Their situation during their sojourn here was particularly dangerous, owing to the jealous suspicion of the scattered inhabitants, who seem to have been impressed with an idea that the treasures supposed to have been buried beneath the ruins of Jerash were the objects of the travellers' researches. The following description of this city, viewed from a steep hill in its vicinity, is given by Mr. Buckingham:—

"The city, standing itself upon a rising ground, seemed, from this point of view, to be seated in the hollow of a grand and deep

valley, encircled on all sides by lofty mountains, now covered with verdure, and having part of its own plain below in actual cultivation. Near, on the summit of the southern hill which bounded the view in that quarter, stood the modern village of Aioode, having a central tower and walls, and forming the retreat of the husbandmen, who till the grounds in the valley beneath. The circular colonnade, the avenues of Corinthian pillars forming the grand street, the southern gate of entrance, the naumachia, and the triumphal arch beyond it, the theatres, the temples, the aqueducts, the baths, and all the assemblage of noble buildings which presented their vestiges to the view, seemed to indicate a city built only for luxury, for splendour, and for pleasure; although it was a mere colonial town in a foreign province, distant from the capital of the great empire to which it belonged, and scarcely known either in sacred or profane history." Wishing to take a more accurate survey of the ancient Geraza than they had hitherto been enabled to accomplish, the two travellers returned privately to that city for the purpose, thus avoiding the interruptions to which they would have been liable from the suspicious character of the neighbouring people.

"The city occupied nearly a square of somewhat less than two English miles in circumference, and the greatest length, from the ruined arched building on the south of the first entrance to the small temple on the north side of the opposite one, is about five thousand feet, as measured by paces, or nearly an English mile. The general direction of this square, is, with its sides, nearly towards the four cardinal points; but none of these sides are perfectly straight, probably from the inequality of the ground along which they run.

"The city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow, but not a deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town, and bending its way thence to the southward.

"The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses, as the walls of some of them were still visible; but as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people.

"The whole surface of the western is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman

city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built. The walls of the city were as nearly equal in length, and faced as nearly to the four cardinal points, as the nature of the ground would admit.

"The eastern portion was chosen for the residence of the great mass of the people; first, from its being of more extensive surface, and, next, from its being less adapted to the erection of fine buildings, or the production of architectural effect. The western portion was devoted purely to the grandeur of display and decoration, and the regularity of its arrangement is no less striking than the number of splendid edifices crowded together in so small a space.

"One straight and spacious street extends through the whole length of the city from north to south, ending at the gates of these respective quarters, there being only these two now remaining; nor are there indeed any conclusive appearances of there ever having been any other than these two entrances into the city.

"The main street is intersected at nearly equal distances of one-fourth of its length from each gate, by two other streets which cross it at right angles, and extend through the whole breadth of this western portion of the city, the point of intersection in each being ornamented with a public square.

"From each of these intersections to their respectively nearest gate, the order of architecture that prevailed was Ionic; but in the central space between these intersections, and including a length equal to half that of the whole city, the predominant order was Corinthian.

"In the centre, or nearly so, of the central space, was a noble palace, probably the residence of the governor, with a beautiful Corinthian temple in front, and another more ruined one behind in right lines with it, and the semicircular recess of a still more highly-finished temple beside it. In a line with these edifices, and on the east of them, was a bridge crossing the small stream in the valley. In a line with the first or southern street of intersection was another bridge; and nearly in a line with the northern street, and also on the east of it, was a very extensive bath.

"Just within the southern gate of entrance was a peripteral temple, a circular colonnade, and a theatre; and just within the northern gate of entrance was also a theatre, a temple, and a military guard-house. Both the principal streets extending the whole length of the city, and those which crossed its road through its breadth, were lined by avenues of columns, extending, in one unbroken range on each side, and ascended to by steps.

"There were also other edifices scattered in different parts of

the city, which will be seen in examining the plan; but the whole was remarkable for the regularity and taste of its design no less than for its able and perfect execution."

Such were the outline features of this interesting city.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

The ravages of death in the royal family of England have, within the last few years, been too numerous and too striking, to require any introduction to give interest to the following historical memoranda of this important subject, and we therefore proceed at once to present our readers with the result of our inquiries, without farther preface.

It is a remarkable fact that the three Williams, kings of England, all died in consequence of accidents which befel them whilst on horseback. The death of William the Conqueror was occasioned by an injury which he received during his French expedition, to recover the revolted dukedom of Normandy. In leaping his horse over a ditch at the siege of Mantes, he struck his protuberant stomach against the pomel of the saddle, by which a mortification was produced, and his death shortly followed. William Rufus was accidentally killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the hand of Walter Tyrrel; and William III. in riding near Hampton Court, met with a violent fall from his horse, by which his collar bone was broken; and, his constitution being weak, a fever succeeded, which soon terminated fatally. Of the twenty-nine other princes who reigned over this kingdom since the conquest, twenty-two have died natural, and seven by violent deaths. The three Richards, two of the Edwards, one of the Henrys, and one of the Charleses, came to an untimely end. Richard died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus; Edward II. was barbarously murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his great grandson Richard II. in Pontefract Castle; Henry VI. was assassinated in prison by command of Edward IV.; Edward V. and his infant brother were smothered in the Tower by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester; and that cruel usurper was himself slain in the battle of Bosworth Field. By his death the race of the Plantagenet kings became extinct, after having been in possession of the throne for 330 years. Last of all, Charles I. the unfortunate victim of party violence and ungovernable fanaticism, perished on the scaffold, January 30th, 1649. The deaths of the other kings of England were natural, though some were hastened by various causes. Thus Henry I.

died of a surfeit occasioned by eating stewed lampreys; Stephen, of the iliac passion, and an hemorrhoidal complaint; Henry II. of grief for the unnatural rebellion of his children; John of anguish and disappointment at the loss of his dominions; Henry III. oppressed by care, and the infirmities of old age, after a long reign of fifty-six years; Edward I. and his grandson Edward III. of a dysentery; Henry IV. in a fit; Henry V. of a fistula; Edward IV. of a quartian ague; Henry VII. and his grandson Edward II. of consumption; Henry VIII. of corpulence and a complication of diseases; Queen Mary of a dropsy; Queen Elizabeth of deep melancholy, caused, it is said, by grief for the fate of the Earl of Essex, to whose execution she had unwillingly consented; James I. of a tertian ague; Charles II. of apoplexy; James II. a fugitive in France; Queen Mary, consort of William III. of the small pox; Queen Anne of apoplexy; George I. of indigestion occasioned by eating melons; and George II. from the bursting of a blood-vessel.

Several princes of the blood royal at different periods, also came to violent, or untimely deaths. Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, died in Cardiff Castle, where he had been a captive for eight-and-twenty years. His son, Prince William, Earl of Flanders, after many ineffectual endeavours to establish his right to the English crown during the reign of Henry I. died of a wound received at the siege of Alost. His natural brother, Richard, was killed by a stag whilst hunting in the New Forest, and what is very remarkable, Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, was killed in a similar manner at the same place. Which two accidental deaths occurring about the same time as the fatal event which befel William Rufus, caused it to be remarked by the English nation, that as the Conqueror had been guilty of extreme violence in expelling so many of his subjects to make room for the New Forest, the just vengeance of heaven was signalized in the same place by the slaughter of his posterity. Prince William, the only legitimate son of Henry I. was drowned off the Reculvers, on his return from Normandy; and the Countess of Perche, and Richard, two of Henry's natural children, perished in the same shipwreck. Another natural son, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, after bravely supporting the Empress Matilda's pretensions to the English throne, died suddenly of a fever in 1147. Eustace, eldest son of Stephen, was cut off by a fever brought on by the agitation of his mind, from his fears of being excluded from the succession. His brother William, Earl of Boulogne and Surrey, died at an early age, on his return from an expedition to Toulouse with Henry II. Prince Henry, eldest son of that monarch, died of a dysentery at Martel near Turenne. His second son Richard, king of England, was slain by an arrow at the siege of Chalus; and

Geoffrey, his third son, was slain in a tournament at Paris. Arthur, Duke of Brittany, Geoffrey's son, was cruelly murdered by his uncle John, in order to prevent his succession to the throne; and his sister Eleanor was immured in a dungeon for life, also by order of that perfidious monarch. Richard, king of the Romans, brother of Henry III. died suddenly before the departure of his nephew Edward to the Holy Land; and his son Henry, who accompanied that prince, was assassinated in his way to Palestine by Simon and Guy, sons of the rebellious Montfort, Earl of Leicester. In the reign of Edward II. the Earl of Lancaster, his cousin german, was executed for high treason; and the Duke of Gloucester, the king's nephew, was killed in the battle of Bannockburn. The Earl of Kent, half brother of Edward II. was beheaded through the intrigues of Mortimer and Isabella, in the beginning of the reign of Edward III. Of the five sons of this monarch, Edward, Prince of Wales, called the *Black Prince*, from the colour of his armour, died of a consumption in 1375; Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, died in Italy in 1368, soon after his second marriage; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in 1399; Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, in 1401; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, was suffocated with pillows, by order of Richard II. in 1397. In that king's reign, Roger, Earl of March, grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, by his daughter Philippa, who had been viceroy of Ireland, was also slain during a revolt in an engagement with the insurgents. The Dukes of Surrey and Exeter, half brothers of Richard II. were executed for high treason by Henry IV. In the reign of Henry V. the Earl of Cambridge, second son of Edmund of Langley, was beheaded for conspiring to place the young Earl of March on the throne; and his elder brother Edward, Duke of York, fell by the hand of the Duke d'Alençon in the battle of Agincourt. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, next brother of Henry V. was slain in an engagement with the allied troops of France and Scotland, at Baugé in Anjou. John, Duke of Bedford, his third brother, who was appointed regent of France during the minority of Henry VI. died suddenly of a fever at Rouen, and his youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the *good Duke Humphrey*, fell a victim to the intrigues of his uncle Cardinal Beaufort. (*Vide the Spectator*, No. 210.) During the wars of the Roses the kingdom was deluged with blood, the partisans of the two contending houses being alternately consigned to the scaffold by each victorious party. In the reign of Henry VI., Richard, Duke of York* asserting his claim to

* This prince was descended on the mother's side from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. being the son of Anne, Countess of Cambridge, daughter of that Earl of March who was killed in Ireland in the reign of Richard

the crown, in preference to that monarch, who was of the house of Lancaster, was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and his son the Earl of Rutland afterwards murdered by Lord Clifford in cold blood. Edward, Prince of Wales, Henry's only son, was assassinated, after the battle of Tewkesbury, by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. The same Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey for treason against his brother Edward IV.; and the young Earl of Warwick, his son, after fifteen years confinement in the Tower, was beheaded by order of Henry VII. for attempting his escape. Thus fell the last male of the royal house of Plantagenet. His only sister, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was cruelly beheaded, with her son Lord Montacute, in the reign of Henry VIII. Henry Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, who was related to the king, also suffered at the same time. Margaret's fourth son, Reginald Pole, the celebrated cardinal, who so strongly opposed the ecclesiastical measures of that fickle monarch, died a few hours after Queen Mary, by whom he was held in high estimation. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of Edward IV. by his sister Elizabeth, Duchess of Suffolk, was slain in the battle of Stoke, unsuccessfully attempting to dethrone Henry VII.* his second brother Edmund, Earl of Suffolk, after a long imprisonment by order of that king, was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.; and Sir Richard de la Pole, his youngest brother, who had entered into the service of Louis XII. of France, and whose surrender Henry had in vain required from that prince, died in banishment at Metz, in Lorraine. William de la Pole, the first Duke of Suffolk and grandfather of these princes, was beheaded at sea in his way to France; but the author of this atrocious act of violence escaped detection.

Many relations of Henry VII. perished in the fatal contention between the houses of York and Lancaster. Sir Owen Tudor, his paternal grandfather, was beheaded by Edward IV. after the battle of Mortimer's Cross. Of his maternal ancestors, the Dukes of Somerset, Edmund, the second duke and grandson of John of Gaunt, was slain in the first battle of St. Albans. His two sons Henry and Edmund, who successively inherited the title, were also both beheaded by Edward IV.; the first suffering the punishment of martial law after the battle of Hexham,

II. His paternal grandfather was Edmund, Duke of York, fourth son of Edward III. so that his right to the throne was prior to that of Henry VI.

* This sovereign was the son of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, granddaughter of the Earl of Somerset, who was the natural son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford. The house of Somerset was afterwards legitimated by act of parliament; but the right to the throne remained in the descendants of Lionel of Antwerp. The Earl of Lincoln, therefore, being descended from this latter branch, and having been declared presumptive heir to the crown by his uncle Richard III. justly conceived his claim to be preferable to that of the reigning monarch.

and the second after the battle of Tewkesbury. Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII. died at Ludlow in the sixteenth year of his age, soon after his marriage with the infanta Catherine of Spain.

Several princes of the blood royal fell victims to the insatiable ambition and bloody policy of Richard III. After the battle of Tewkesbury, as we have before mentioned, he murdered with his own hand Edward, Prince of Wales, only son of Henry VI.; and he is said to have assassinated that unfortunate monarch himself shortly afterwards in prison. He also treacherously caused to be beheaded in Pontefract Castle the Earl of Rivers, brother to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV. and her son Sir Richard Grey.* While protector, he occasioned the Duke of Buckingham† and Lord Hastings to be brought to the block; and to the number of his victims he soon added Edward V. and his infant brother Richard, Duke of York. The Lady Anne Neville, second daughter of the famous Earl of Warwick, and widow of Henry's son, having been prevailed upon by the tyrant to espouse him, he cruelly caused her to be taken off by poison, in order that she might not impede his ambitious design of marrying his niece the Princess Royal. Edward, Prince of Wales, the only son of this perfidious usurper, died at an early age at Middleham, in Yorkshire.

The reign of Henry VIII. was also marked by many severe and arbitrary executions, of which some instances have already been mentioned. Two of his queens, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were brought to the block—the unfortunate victims of his caprice and jealousy. Lord Rochford, the brother of Anne Boleyn, was beheaded through the arts of his wife, the infamous Lady Rochford; and she soon afterwards met with the punishment due to her crimes, for countenancing the gallantries of Catherine Howard. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, son of that nobleman who lost his life under Richard III. was beheaded for high treason. His grandson, the brave and accomplished Earl of Surrey, was executed on an unfounded charge of the same nature: and the Duke of Norfolk would soon have followed his son's fate, had not Henry's death fortunately intervened. Lord Surrey's son, who succeeded to the ducal title on the death of his grandfather, was

* Sir John Grey, the first husband of Elizabeth, was killed in the battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of Henry VI. The queen herself, after suffering various fortunes during the reign of Richard III. was on a charge of conspiring to dethrone her son-in-law Henry VII. seized and confined in the nunnery in Bermondsey, where she died, at an advanced age, neglected and forgotten.

† This nobleman was descended on the father's side from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; and his mother was the daughter of Edmund Duke of Somerset, who was slain in the battle of Saint Albans.

beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for attempting to form a matrimonial alliance with Mary, Queen of Scots.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN MEDALS.

(Continued from p. 32.)

14. OCCASION.—Gallant conduct at the Eutaw Springs, South Carolina. Gold.

Face—Head of General Greene.

Legend—Nathanieli Greene, Eggregio Duci. Comitia Americana.

Reverse—A Victory lighting on the earth: under her feet broken arms; colours; a shield.

Legend—Salus Regionum Australium.

Exergue—Hostibus ad Eutaw debellatis, die viii. Sep. MDCCLXXXI.

Speaking of the battle of the Eutaws, General Lee says—"The honour of the day was claimed by both sides, while the benefits flowing from it were by both yielded to the Americans—the first belonged to neither, and the last to us." *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*, vol. ii. p. 293. Philadelphia, 1812.

15. OCCASION.—Alliance of the United States with France. Copper.

Device—A head of Liberty: a liberty cap on a staff, resting on her right shoulder.

Legend—Libertas Americana, 4 Jul. 1776.

Reverse—Pallas holding a shield in her left hand, with three fleurs de lis on it, (the arms of France,) and opposing it to a leopard, which is springing against it: her right hand drawn back, and holding a barbed javelin, as if in the act of plunging it into the leopard: under the shield, an infant strangling a serpent, which he is holding up; and, at the same time, stooping to pick up another at his feet.

Legend—Non sine Diis animosus infans.

Exergue—17, 1779.

Oct:

19,

1781.

Hercules, according to the ancient mythology, while in his cradle, was said to have strangled two serpents, which had assaulted him, having been assisted by the protection of the goddess Pallas. Infant America like the Hercules in his cradle, had destroyed two British armies. The two epochs of those exploits are marked in the exergue 17th Oct. 1777, Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga; and 19th Oct. 1781, Cornwallis' surrender at York town, Virginia. The motto is from Horace, ode 4th, book 3d, verse 20. The allusion is highly appropriate and classical. I cannot find any resolve of Congress for this medal. It was, probably, struck by the French government.

The above are all the medals struck in reference to public

events, in North America, previously to the close of the war of Independence. Those for General Wayne, Colonel Fleury, and Captain Stewart, were executed under the direction of Dr. Franklin; and those presented to Generals Washington, Gates, Greene, and Morgan, and Colonels Howard and Washington, were contracted for by the late Colonel Humphreys.* The dies were engraved by Dupres and Duvivier.

16. OCCASION.—Capture of the French frigate *La Vengeance*, by Captain Thomas Truxtun, of the United States frigate *Constellation*. Decreed March 29, 1800.

Face—A head of Captain Truxtun.

Legend—Patriæ Patris Filio digno Thomas Truxtun.

Reverse—Two ships of war: the French a two decker: both much shattered: the rigging of both much cut up.

Legend—The United States frigate *Constellation*, of thirty-eight guns, pursues, attacks, and vanquishes the French ship *La Vengeance*, of fifty-four guns; 1 Feb. 1800.

The war between the United States and France took place without a formal declaration, in the year 1798. The occasion was the repeated captures of our merchantmen by the cruisers, both public and private, of France, then governed by a directory; the violation of treaties between the two countries: the refusal to listen to any demand of reparation for losses sustained from depredation on our commerce: refusal to negotiate on fair and honourable terms, or even to receive our messengers of peace, (C. C. Pinckney, John Marshall, now chief justice of the United States, and Elbridge Gerry,) and demanding a tribute together with the most humiliating submissions as the price of an interview! Peace was made after Bonaparte became first consul, and preliminaries signed Sept. 3d, 1800, by W. R. Davies, of North Carolina, Wm. Vans Murray of Maryland, then the minister of the United States at the Hague, and Oliver Elsworth, of Connecticut, on the part of the United States; and Joseph Bonaparte, Raderer and Fleurieu on the part of France.

An account of the action between the *Constellation* and the *Vengeance* may be seen in a biographical sketch of Capt. Truxtun in the *Port Folio*, new series, vol. 2d, with an engraving of the medals, and in Clarke's *Naval History of the United States*.

17. OCCASION.—To Commodore Preble, for his good conduct in the attack on the Dey of Tripoli, in 1804. Decreed March 3d, 1805. Gold.

Face—Head of Commodore Preble.

Legend—Edwardo Preble Duci Strenuo Comitia Americana.

Reverse—The American fleet bombarding the town and forts of Tripoli.

Legend—Vindici Commercii Americani.

Exergue—Ante Tripoli, MDCCCIV.

An account of the proceedings against Tripoli may be seen in the biography of Commodore Preble in the *Port Folio*, new series, vols. 3 and 4.

The United States have set the first example in the world of obliging the Barbary powers to respect their flag, by the force of arms; instead of a disgraceful

* See his letter to Mr. Carey, American Museum, Philadelphia, vol. ii.

tribute, which some of the European powers still continue to pay. The history of our expeditions against those pests of society is well worth recording in a separate work. The facts that could be detailed would be highly honourable to our brave countrymen: to their spirit and decision as negotiators: to their extended humanity as regards the liberation of the captives of other nations: and as respects the influence which may be produced upon the happiness of mankind by their example of flogging those barbarians into peace.

The following gold medals, for victories by the navy of the United States, over British vessels of war, during the last war between the United States and England, were decreed by Congress and the state of Pennsylvania. War was declared in June, 1812, and the treaty of peace signed at Ghent, December, 1814.

1. To Captain Isaac Hull, of Connecticut, commander of the United States frigate *Constitution*, of 44 guns, for the capture of the *Guerriere*, Captain J. R. Dacres, rated at 38 guns, but carrying 50; on the 19th August, 1812.

2. To Captain Jones, of Delaware, of the *Wasp* sloop of war, for the capture of the sloop of war *Frolic*, Captain Whinyates, October 18, 1812.—Vote for the above two passed January 29, 1813.

3. To Captain Stephen Decatur, of Philadelphia, of the frigate *United States*, for the capture of the *Macedonian* frigate, Captain John Carden, on the 25th October, 1812.

4. To Captain William Bainbridge, of Philadelphia, of the frigate *Constitution*, for the capture of the frigate *Java*, Captain Lambert, on the 30th December, 1812. Passed March 3, 1813.

5. To Com. Oliver Hazard Perry, of Rhode Island, commodore of the fleet on Lake Erie, for the signal victory over a British squadron of superior force, on that lake, on the 10th of September, 1813. Voted January 6, 1814.

(To be continued.)

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from p. 38.)

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one,) that we never do any thing consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply, when I came to leave —, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left — for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and

mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and, passing the head-master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, 'He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again.' I was right: I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled goodnaturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my valediction,) and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually: but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgencies: and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came, which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. I lodged in the head-master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of —, 'drest in earliest light,' and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immoveable in my purpose: but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight: and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my 'pensive citadel:' here I had read and studied through all the hours of night: and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly, that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago; and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly as if it were yesterday,

the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze: it was a picture of the lovely —, which hung over the mantle-piece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity, and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of — clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out, and closed the door for ever!

* * * * *

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recal, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's: my room was at an aerial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the staircase, which communicated with this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head-master's chamber-door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do any thing I wished; and, when the time arrived, went up stairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man: however, the groom was a man—

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury plain. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps: but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bedroom door of the archdidascalus. My first thought was, that all was lost; and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine: but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *con-tretems*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened

the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it; subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. — would sally out of his room: for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bed-room. Dr. — had a painful complaint, which, sometimes keeping him awake, made his sleep, perhaps, when it did come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheelbarrow, and on its road to the carrier's: then, 'with Providence my guide,' I set off on foot,—carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket; and a small 12mo. volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

It had been my intention originally to proceed to Westmoreland, both from the love I bore to that county, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Caernarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B——. Here I might have staid with great comfort for many weeks; for, provisions were cheap at B——, from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus produce of a wide agricultural district. An accident, however, in which, perhaps, no offence was designed, drove me out to wander again. I know not whether my reader may have remarked, but I have often remarked, that the proudest class of people in England (or at any rate, the class whose pride is most apparent) are the families of bishops. Noblemen, and their children, carry about with them, in their very titles, a sufficient notification of their rank. Nay, their very names (and this applies also to the children of many untitled houses) are often, to the English ear, adequate exponents of high birth, or descent. Sackville, Manners, Fitzroy, Paulet, Cavendish, and scores of others, tell their own tale. Such persons, therefore, find every where a due sense of their claims already established, except among those who are ignorant of the world, by virtue of their own obscurity: 'Not to know *them*, argues one's self unknown.' Their manners take a suitable tone and colouring; and, for once that they find it necessary to impress a sense of their consequence upon others, they meet with a thousand occasions for moderating and tem-

pering this sense by acts of courteous condescension. With the families of bishops it is otherwise: with them it is all up-hill work, to make known their pretensions: for the proportion of the episcopal bench, taken from noble families, is not at any time very large; and the succession to these dignities is so rapid, that the public ear seldom has time to become familiar with them, unless where they are connected with some literary reputation. Hence it is, that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged, a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man, from all contact with the *οἱ πολλοί*. Doubtless, a powerful understanding, or unusual goodness of nature, will preserve a man from such weakness: but, in general, the truth of my representation will be acknowledged: pride, if not of deeper root in such families, appears, at least, more upon the surface of their manners. This spirit of manners naturally communicates itself to their domestics, and other dependants. Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the Bishop of —; and had but lately married away and 'settled' (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B —, merely to have lived in the bishop's family, conferred some distinction: and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What 'my lord' said, and what 'my lord' did, how useful he was in parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford, formed the daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well: for I was too good-natured to laugh in any body's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance: and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or possibly by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned. She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family; and, dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention that she had let her apartments. Thereupon the good bishop (it seemed) had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates: 'for,' said he, 'you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into England—and of English swindlers, running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route.' This advice was certainly not without reasonable grounds: but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations, than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse: —'Oh, my lord,' answered my landlady (according to her own

representation of the matter), 'I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler; because ——:' 'You don't *think* me a swindler?' said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation: 'for the future, I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it.' And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make: but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused *her* indignation in turn: and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen: and I thought of letting him know my mind in Greek: which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a far better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind: for I considered, that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me; and that the same coarseness of mind, which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all, might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking, than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

(To be continued.)

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

ON THE PEA FLY (*BRUCHUS PISI*).

Read before the Agricultural Society of Bucks County, 30th July, and before the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, Oct. 23, 1821.

Sharon, 22d June, 1821.

Sir—Although the pea fly (*bruchus pisi*) may be familiar to every person who has been in the practice of planting peas, yet its

history is not generally known, and some very absurd ideas respecting its propagation are entertained; but as it has never done any serious damage, a treatise upon it may be deemed by some individuals to be of no importance: nevertheless, the inquiring mind, awake to every species of knowledge, will, I am persuaded, feel a degree of interest even in this small matter. The fly is known to be matured within, and evolves from, the pea. It continues in the winged state until the peas are in a fit condition to receive its deposit; the egg, which is oblong and of a yellow or an amber colour, is then laid singly and scattered along on the outside of the pod in an irregular manner, in number sometimes less, but often more than there are peas within the pod, so that frequently two worms are found in the same pea. The little maggot, of a whitish colour, with a black head, perforates the pod immediately under the egg-shell, and passing through, enters the pea and penetrates to the very centre, consuming a great part of the inside without injuring the germ. It may then be said to be harmless; but as some very delicate stomachs would sicken at the idea of taking in worms, although in a boiled state, I think it well to mention the fact, that almost every pea that is eaten contains one worm, and many of them two: I do not make the assertion with a view to detract from the enjoyments of any person, but to induce such as feel an interest in the subject, to search out the proper remedy, which I think can be accomplished in the following manner. When the seed peas are well dried, put them into bottles, corking them close until the time of planting; then immerse them in water, and when sufficiently swollen, take them out and immediately put them into the ground, covering them without delay, so that none of the flies may escape; but it has been suggested by a friend that some will escape under this mode, and he proposes to "pour the peas immediately from the bottle into a bag, which instantly tie and put in water, taking care not to fill the bag, that the swelling of the peas may not burst it before the flies are all drowned;" or perhaps a more ready way would be, only to half fill the bottles in the first instance with peas, and about the time of planting pour water into them, so as to keep the peas covered without endangering the breakage of the bottles.

If what I have here stated will effect the contemplated purpose, I am sure every lover of peas will rejoice, and myself in a two-fold degree; that is, in adding to my own enjoyments and in contributing to those of others. If, however, I should fail in my object, perhaps some other undertaker may be more fortunate, and if no remedy can be found, I hope we shall, as a matter of necessity, be content to feast as heretofore.

The insect has generally deposited its progeny for this season, and is now mostly in the egg and maggot states, but some

of the flies are still in existence. The several states can readily be distinguished by the naked eye; and peas that are infested, can at once be known by a black speck on the outside where the worm enters; but to trace satisfactorily the whole habits of the insect, unquestionably requires a microscope.

I rest yours, very respectfully,

JAMES WORTH.

JOHN LINTON, Esq. Chairman of the }
Committee on Entomology. }

Variety.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD EASTER.

One of the divinities to whom the ancient Saxons paid adoration was the goddess Ostra, Ostera, or Eostra. As those people have left no written documents, this and other facts connected with them would probably have been buried in oblivion, had it not been for the emigration of the Anglo-Saxons in the 5th century to Britain, where they embraced Christianity and learned to write. About a century after the conversion of the Saxons, the venerable Bede thus wrote (*De Temporum Ratione*, c. 13.): "My nation, (the Anglo-Saxons,) while yet in a state of paganism, called the month of April *Estur-month*, from their goddess Eostra, because they celebrated her festival about that time; it is now called Easter month, and the festival Easter. Because both happen about the same time, the ancient, accustomed appellation has been retained."

The Saxons very rationally began their year with the return of spring; and the goddess waved her sceptre over flowers, in sacred groves, and on high hills. There the joyous festival was solemnized with exultation at the new gifts of the earth. Sacrifices were offered, large bonfires were kindled, and the people joined in the merry dance around them. The sacred horn circulated briskly, and the new year was greeted with singing and demonstrations of joy. Good wishes were exchanged, and every heart seemed to share the renewed animation of nature. The place where this festival was celebrated, was called the *Oster-berg*, an appellation still retained at the present day by many hills in various parts of Saxony.

HABITS OF THE SEAL.

Seals, says Mr. Laing, in his narrative of "A Voyage to Spitzbergen," have a very delicate sense of hearing, and are very much delighted with music. The captain's son, who was a good performer on the violin, never failed to have a numerous

auditory, when we were in the seas frequented by those animals: and I have seen them follow the ship for miles when any person was playing on deck. This fact was observed by the ancient poets,* and is thus alluded to by Mr. Scott in his recent poem:

Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.

Pliny expressly states this animal to be of a docile and tractable nature, and in this he is supported by the more enlarged experience of modern times. The seal described by Dr. Parsons (Pennant's *Quadrupeds*, vol. II. p. 272) was taught to come out of his tub and return to the water at the command of his keeper, to stretch out his neck to kiss him, and to perform several other motions. In swimming, these animals constantly keep the head and often the whole body as far as the shoulder, above the surface of the water. The first seen by Mr. Laing was at a considerable distance, and might easily have been mistaken for a man, though it was much more like a dog. Buffon has remarked, that the seal afforded the foundation to the poetic fiction of the Nereids in antiquity, and perhaps, we may add, to the no less fictitious Mermaids of modern times.

ORIGIN OF ENGRAVED COPPER-PLATES.

It seems odd, and yet it is a known fact, that the most useful discoveries have been owing to chance. A goldsmith of Florence, cutting figures on his works without any thoughts of moulding them with milled sulphur, perceived that what came out of the mould had on it all the impressions of the engraving, by means of the black which the sulphur extracted from the cuttings; and, trying to do the like on silver plates with moistened paper, going over it with a smooth roller, it succeeded to his wish. A goldsmith of the same city took in hand the like experiment, and his success was such, that he set about engraving several curious pieces. Thus France and Germany soon learned from Italy the art of working copper-plates. England was very late in following the ingenious examples of those nations, engraving having been scarce known, or at least very little cultivated there, till the end of the last century.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF SOME FOREIGN WINES.

Our Mountain wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. Tent is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres, (the Spanish *x* is pronounced *sh* or *ch*,) in the south of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter.

Malmsey was from *Malvasia*, in Peloponnesus. This rich

* Apol. Rhod. lib. 1. Val. Flac. lib. 5. lin. 440. gaudebant carmine phocæ.

wine was afterwards propagated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

FROM THE RECREATIVE MAGAZINE.

Mr. Northcote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him, that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.—(*Northcote's Life of Reynolds.*)

When ten Englishmen had been cleared by the ordeal of fire from the charge of killing deer in the time of William Rufus, that king being present exclaimed,—“Pretty justice above, indeed! to let ten such scoundrels escape!”

Beau Nash, of Bath, always wore a white hat, and assigned as a reason for this singularity, that he did it purely to secure it from being *stolen*!

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall is, we are informed, engaged in writing “Historical Memoirs of his Own Time,” the publication of which he intends to prohibit until the year 1850. These volumes will, of course, contain anecdotes of most of the celebrated characters of the present day.

Counts Bertrand and de Montholon have sent a letter to the newspapers, in which they deny that any of the works published as Bonaparte's (such as the Manuscript from St. Helena, Secret Memoirs, Napoleon painted by himself, &c.) have proceeded from that individual. They further disavow the Memoirs announced under his name.

Poetry.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEAFNESS.

Le Sage, a wit of richest vein,
(Witness Gil Blas de Santillane)
Tho' almost deaf he yet would joke,
His audience smil'd whene'er he spoke.
Entering a room he cast his eye
Shrewdly on all the company;
And when he spied a “chosen few,”
His trumpet from his pouch he drew;
Solicitous each word to hear,
He made the best of either ear.
When faces proud and dull he spied,
Of pedants harsh and brutified;
Shrugging his shoulders in such cases,
Quickly his trumpet he replaces;
And muttering was heard to say,
Now I defy you—talk away.